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## UMBRELLAS.

THERE is one piece of property, which is nobody's property, or every body's property, or is not property at all—and that is, *Umbrellas*. " 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands," was not more truly said of the circulating medium, than it might be said of this curious branch of the floating capital of the nation, which fructifies in the hands of no one, but is continually going or flying about in the hands of this person and that person, and is always getting worse and worse. *Umbrellas*, I must confess, are to me a puzzle. Some people, certainly, do buy them new, for there are shops in every considerable town of the realm, where they are sold. But I wonder what kind of people they can be who do so; for one might just as well buy two cube acres of the wind, in the hope of handing them down as a patrimony to one's descendants. Alas! for the instability of all earthly things, and umbrellas in particular! Who can say that he ever actually owned an umbrella? *Umbrellas* are things of no power of adherence to man. They make unto themselves wings, and fly away. Just suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have been so far left to yourself, one day, as, in a fit of love for your race, to buy an umbrella. Suppose, further, that from a fondness for the article, and an experience of the volatility of this species of so-called property, you have taken it to an engraver, and watched over him till he painfully carved your name upon it, by way of fixing down its affections to you for ever. Vain endeavour! The treacherous and ungrateful fabric of silk and whalebone will walk by your side for a little while, fending you lovingly from showers and snowdrifts; but soon, alas! too soon—three weeks after marriage—you look about you, and where is it?—why, eloped right sly away with another love—a new acquaintance, fairly deserted you with your three children, and commenced career of vagrancy over the world, which will only terminate with its being blown to shivers some day by the vengeful blast of heaven, as its last proprietor turns the corner of one of the windiest streets in the town.

Somebody once made an amusing book by imagining the adventures of a guinea, and describing the characters and fates of a number of individuals into whose hands the coin was supposed to have successively fallen. But the adventures of an umbrella would obviously be a far more richly varied and piquant composition. A friend, say, has been one day overtaken by a determined rain, while visiting you: the time has arrived when he *must go*—for he has a particular appointment—and when you, moreover, are excessively anxious that he *should go*, for you are just about to sit down to dinner, and have heard enough of your wife's intentions that forenoon, to know that a new eater, in addition to the usual number, is not desirable, either for his own sake, or theirs. Well, what can you do? Your friend manfully proposes to brave the storm, saying, as he looks out and buttons up his coat, that it is a mere skiff, and is just going off—though, for your part, you never saw a more perfect *even-down pour*, as they say in Scotland, in your life. Why, you *must* offer your umbrella. Flesh and blood will not have it otherwise. All the humanities—all commandments, human and divine, order it so. One last glance, then, at the dear object—bought at White's one little month ago—fondled and rejoiced in since, beyond all common sentiment—and away it goes, never to be seen more, leaving you with the bitter consciousness that you have been accessory, with your eyes open, to the abduction of the

very object which, next to your wife, you chiefly held dear on earth.

This is the first move in the maze of confusion. Your umbrella, faithfully promised to be returned that night, does not re-appear, as, indeed, you never expected that it would, for it is not in the nature of man to return an umbrella, and there's an end on't. So, as the rain is worse than ever, and your wife will not hear of your going out "with such a cold hanging about you," without a defence against the weather, you yourself are obliged to become an abductor of other men's umbrellas in your turn, and borrow one from a neighbour. Thus, with the dismal sense upon your mind that one crime leads to another, and that you are robbing another of that which not enriches you (for of course by this time it is neither the late owner's, nor can you calculate upon it being long your own), you take off your weary way through the rain—mentally comparing, at the same time, the cottony vulgarity of the present article with the well-chosen and smart-looking convenience which yesterday was generally but erroneously supposed by mankind to be yours. The rain ceases while you are waiting in some house or shop, and you depart without your umbrella—that is to say, without the umbrella you lately carried, for to use any of the possessive pronouns respecting this fugitive article is evidently an absurdity in terms. When you get home to dinner, and recollect the loss, you send to make inquiries, but learn that the missing article was lent to somebody who called soon after you left the place, and is by this time, in all probability, through as many hands as the body of the hunchback in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The labyrinthine winding through which umbrellas sometimes travel is really astonishing. Reader, had you ever one, which you had once been in the ridiculous habit of calling your own, lent to you on a great emergency, by a friend, who, on inquiry, was found to have come by it, no doubt, honestly, but from a place or person the last in the world you would have expected it to have found its way to? Such things have been, and they are but a sample of the common wonders that enter into the fates of umbrellas. It is a sad thing to have the very umbrella which you have been cultivating—the umbrella that has been carried near your heart, under your arm, for weeks—the love of your bosom, in short—ravished away from you, and sent a-spinning through the world, here and there, in a thousand directions;—but well is it with you when the case is no worse. Hard as that is, there is something harder and more heart-rending still, in your once more overtaking your umbrella in its last days, and being shocked by the ravages which time, and handling, and perhaps the mender, have wrought upon the once delicate constitution of your early flame. *There is a misery—there is a true agony of agonies.* What struggles have you then to endure between old attachment—a sentiment that will not be suppressed—and the natural loathing you cannot at the same time help feeling for the tawdry and squalid aspect of the object, with the sense you have of the wretched hands through which it must have come, since it was, as you thought, *yours!* If any one entertains a real hatred for a man, he could wish him few worse wishes than that he might buy and cultivate an umbrella, and then, after long years, fall in with it again, when it had been fully drabbed, and drudged, and dragged through a thousand turns of good and evil fortune.

A great deal of the vagrancy of umbrellas is owing to their being so frequently exchanged at public places by what is called mistake; that is to say, a gentle-

man takes some other person's umbrella out of the *trap*, as it is too pertinently termed, instead of his own, which he leaves behind. There is one most notable phenomenon attending these mistakes, namely, that no one ever mistakes a *worse* umbrella for his own. People, in these cases, seem to act unconsciously and instinctively upon the great commercial maxim, that it is needless to make a barter without some advantage. Let you get your umbrella twice exchanged in this manner, and you will find yourself to have sunk from an affair of five and twenty shillings, down to a blue, brass-ringed dowdy, which, ten years ago, cost three and sixpence. Three removes, indeed, are as bad as a fire in this case. The worst thing about such an exchange, effected against your will, is the having to protect yourself homewards through the rain with such a wretched rag as generally falls into your hands. In fact, the whole phenomenon affords a lively illustration of the natural succession of an age of inferior metal to that which went before it: you begin with gold, and you end with brass.

Mankind are divided into two great classes in reference to umbrellas—one which buys umbrellas, and one which does not. There is no difference between the two as to the amount of their wealth in umbrellas: you are just as sure to find an umbrella in the lobby of the one as in the lobby of the other. It is impossible, however, to deny, that the man who actually buys an umbrella is a man of a most patriotic and benevolent disposition—one who suffers in the behalf of mankind at large, and is therefore entitled to the thanks of his fellow-creatures. The *sic vos non vobis* is most truly applicable in their case; even the unfortunate generation of bees is hardly more disinterested. I would therefore propose, that, whenever a man dies, who, it can be ascertained, has spent any part of his fortune in this manner, his survivors ought at the very least to testify their gratitude by erecting a mausoleum, with a top in the shape of an umbrella, over his grave; by which peculiarity the emblem would be conspicuously distinguished from all other monuments, so that in walking through a churchyard, posterity might know when a mere poet or philosopher was referred to, and when the great inhabitant below was one who had (Oh thrice greater fame!) signalized himself by purchasing an umbrella.

## LONDON THOROUGHFARES.

LONDON again.—The next thing which astonishes the provincial in his perambulations through the metropolis, is the extraordinary thoroughfare of vehicles on the streets, which is certainly fully as remarkable as the number of foot passengers. It is of no use for him to count them as they pass. There they go, of all descriptions and sizes—waggons, cars, carts, chaises, coaches, cabs, omnibuses, and drays; all tugging, struggling, and striving, as if the whole world were in motion. "Such a many," as a Cockney expresses himself, never could have been conjectured to be in existence. In other towns you may see two or three—or perhaps a dozen—vehicles on a line of street at a time, and that is reckoned pretty well—the sign of a "bustle," probably. But here you are overwhelmed in the *meille*. Conceive a line of street, three miles in length, thickly packed with the above variety of vehicles, one behind another, in two rows, the one proceeding the one way, and the other the other, and that from morning till night—no intermission. Sometimes it is no easy matter for a foot passenger to get as much empty space as will allow him to cross; and when he does so, he takes good care to calculate the exact time

he will take to make the passage, lest he be ridden down. Yet few accidents occur on the streets of London; for the inhabitants are very expert in crossing, and do not allow themselves to be discomposed by the racket which is almost incessantly going on.

The system of carriage in London has a fine air of barbarous romance about it. For most kinds of heavy goods, particularly coal, huge cumbersome waggons on four broad wheels are used. These are drawn by four, or five, or, as frequently, six horses, yoked in pairs, and all heavy sluggish animals, which move along at a slow dignified pace, as if conscious of performing in some great and glorious pageant. These solemn and sombre-coloured animals are excellent feeders, and go through a great deal of work in that way. As for the service they perform in return, it may be estimated that a couple of Scotch houses and carts would execute fully as much labour; but, then a single horse in a light two-wheeled cart has no show—no waggoner would descend so far as to drive it; it would not embody the splendid idea of a team; and so, it is worthy of all contempt. Nothing like the good old clumsy machinery of our Saxon ancestors. Great improvements have been lately effected in London in the transport of passengers. The old hackney coaches and their horses are dying out, being evidently pushed out of existence by quite a novel kind of conveyances. Cabs and omnibuses are now nearly all in all with most people, though, for our part, we still like to encourage a hack, which, being usually the cast-off equipment of some nobleman, is not only of superior construction and convenience, but serves to furnish matter for moralizing on the frolics of fortune, and the vicissitudes that may take place even in the existence of coaches. The cabs, which came first in upon the line of business of the hacks, are neither more nor less than one-horse gigs on two wheels, with a flexible covering for bad weather. The driver sits on a little seat on the outside, above the wheel. The word *cab* is a contraction of *cabriolet*, that being too long and much too expensive a word for a Londoner to use, seeing that time is so valuable in the metropolis. These cabs go helter-skelter in all directions; driving like furies through thick and thin; darting out of the line of march when they find an opening; splitting a hair on the axles of the waggons; and delivering their fare at every given point within the bills of mortality, at a moderate price. Omnibuses are an entirely different species of conveyance. They are got up on principles of the purest modern expediency, and are therefore very characteristic of the age. An omnibus—we wonder the word is not already subjected to contraction—is a long wooden box, on springs and four wheels, having a long seat on each side within. The door is behind, with hanging steps always ready for entrance; while the driver sits in front, and the door-opener stands behind. Two horses draw this vehicle, which can contain twelve or fourteen persons. Omnibuses act as stage-coaches from one part of the town to another. At present, they will convey you three miles, or any lesser distance, for sixpence; but they are continually stopping to let passengers in and out, wherefore, though to many very convenient, they are much less rapid than hacks or cabs, and are by no means the most agreeable conveyances to men unreasonably fastidious. The omnibuses seem all to radiate from "the Bank"—that is, the Bank of England, which is situated in the heart of the city—and are obviously the result of the extension of the town, which cannot now be conveniently traversed on foot. They therefore help to thin the crowds of passengers on the pavements, and facilitate business; but it is alleged they are doing much harm to the respectable and ancient trade of the mendicant, which is now hardly worth the pursuing, and that they have considerably diminished the revenue of the sweepers of the crossings. An appeal to the legislature is talked of, and possibly Mr Cobbett may take up the question.

As you walk along any of the great thoroughfares of London, you continually ask yourself, Do the people here know any thing of each other? do they care for one another when sick? is there such a thing as private friendship amongst them? or are they all, all so ardent and so much occupied in the pursuit of money, that they shut out the whole human race from their sympathies, and live and die only for themselves? Such inquiries will force themselves on the mind of the stranger, whose feelings are of a warm and unsophisticated character. But your real Londoner would not comprehend such a species of sentiment. He would consider it all stuff. London is not what it

appears. Its population is not an inextricable mass, in which there is no regular bond of affection. It is composed of an endless series of circles of friendship and acquaintance, proceeding from Whitechapel on the east, to St James's on the west. The people of London are not one people any more than their city is one town. Every street and its precincts form a little world, and every neighbourhood is known to itself. The inhabitants of the Minories do not very closely resemble those within the atmosphere of "the Parks;" perhaps on jubilee occasions the former may penetrate as far westward; and there have been instances of "west-enders" going on a tour of discovery into the strange countries within the precincts of Wapping; but in general each district contents itself with looking after its own affairs, and trusting to the newspapers for accounts of the "rare doings" in distant quarters of the capital.

There are many good-natured souls in the country who are in the habit of imagining, that, when any great political movement is taking place at the seat of government, all London, as a matter of course, is on the alert—that the people are standing in clusters on the streets, shaking their heads most significantly at each other—that, in the language of the newspapers, "business is at a stand"—in short, that every thing betokens a regular break-up in the state. Now, all such suppositions are unjustified by fact. Except on rare occasions, every thing just goes on as usual. It should always be borne in mind, that, what with attending to business, and attending to the process of eating and drinking, the people have no time to spare for "all that kind of thing." And what a glorious characteristic of John Bull is this! What a security it is against all rebellion, conspiracy, and revolution, that the Englishman *must have his dinner*, and that dinner, too, in all its plenitude of material, and time for consumption! There is nothing to compare with it in the system of any other nation; and, alas! how insecure, therefore, are their different governments! When any thing unusual takes place at Paris, the volatile Parisian puts three raisins into his pocket, shoulders his musket, and fights for three days, without ever thinking for another moment about the comfort of his inner man. But this is out of the question with the Londoner. *He* must regularly go to shop at nine in the morning, and as regularly to dinner at a certain hour in the afternoon; and no revolution in the government could derange him so much as a revolution in these particulars of his own steady life. Perhaps, if a great state change could be effected between the morning and three in the afternoon, it *might* be done. But if once a dinner hour intervened—why, the whole scheme would be broken up; every man would go away to his roast beef or boiled mutton; and the enemies of our liberties would, before tea-time, have us all once more saugly under thralldom, beyond the possibility of even a new *attempt* at emanicipation.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY. THE EMPIRE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, TO THE TAKING OF THAT CITY BY THE TURKS.

When Constantine, as has been already noticed, removed the seat of government from Rome to his new city of Constantinople, his sway extended from Britain to the river Euphrates, and from the Danube to the deserts of Africa. These dominions, however, hung very loosely together; for, as different parts of the army had at various times raised their own commanders to the empire, there was no successful or favourite general who might not aspire rather to be independent in his own province, or to usurp the supreme dominions. This caused frequent rebellions in the provinces. Constantine himself, however, after defeating several other candidates, reigned undisturbed for twenty-five years, and, during the leisure of a powerful reign, introduced a more regular system of general government, which tended to strengthen the dependence of the numerous provinces upon the sovereign. He was the first of the Roman emperors who adopted the Christian religion, and who directly favoured its disciples; but he allowed the heathens, who were still by far the most numerous people, the full exercise of their various modes of worship. His three sons divided the empire among them in equal portions (A. D. 336); but by the death or assassination of the other two, the whole soon fell into the hands of Constantius, who adopted as his colleague and successor his relation Julian, a young man of fantastic character, but of considerable talents. Julian succeeded to the sovereignty in 360; and having imbibed at Athens, where he resided some time, an admiration for the old Grecian philosophers (who had professed the heathen religion as that of their country, though they were aware of its follies), he imagined that he could not be a philosopher except he were also

a heathen; so that he abjured Christianity, and made himself ridiculous by performing immense sacrifices of cattle to the heathen gods. He was a capricious and whimsical prince, but not unjust, or unsuccessful in war. He maintained the empire in its full extent, and was killed in a successful invasion of Persia. He was succeeded, after the fall of several candidates, by Valentinian, whose father had been a soldier from the Danube. This emperor took for colleague his brother Valens, to whom he assigned Constantinople, and the government of the East. The reign of Valens was signalized by the irruption into Europe of an enemy till then unknown to the Romans; these were the *Huns*, a confederation of Tartar tribes, some of whom had attained the ascendancy and control over the rest, and led them on to invade the nations of Europe. Their numbers and ferocity lead the ancient writers to describe them in terms of consternation, which to moderns, who are no strangers to Calmucks, Cossacks, Tartars, and other savages from that quarter, appear sufficiently ludicrous. They never lived in houses, slept under trees, ate raw flesh, and were altogether superior in war even to the Goths, who were now in alliance with the Romans, and had begun to relish the comforts of a settled life. They were, therefore, driven away before the Huns, and were forced, in search of a home, to invade the Roman territory. Here they were opposed by the Emperor Valens, but they defeated his army, and made his own life a sacrifice. He was succeeded by his nephew Gratian, who chose for his colleague Theodosius, a general of talents and celebrity. This emperor restored the confidence of his own army, and broke the power of the Goths, by his skill and caution, and was the first of the emperors who practised the mode of dividing the barbarians against one another, by giving money to such of their tribes as he imagined would make useful auxiliaries. This system, which the wealth of the emperors (from their possession of all the maritime and trading cities) enabled them long to use against their poorer enemies, often saved the empire at the expense of its dignity; for though the money was given at first as a gratuity, it was sometimes demanded in times of weakness as a tribute. This Theodosius (commonly called the Great) was the first who made Christianity the established religion of the empire (390). He procured a senatorial edict in favour of the Christians, sanctioned the destruction of the heathen temples, and forbade the performance of sacrifices either in public or private. The empire under this prince still preserved its original extent, but he divided it between his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius (394), and its parts were never afterwards reunited.

From the death of Theodosius the Second (449) to the reign of Justinian (527), the Eastern Empire continued without any considerable alteration, though there were many changes and intrigues in the court and army. The reign of the latter prince is memorable on several accounts; it was under his auspices that a knowledge of the silk manufacture was first brought to Europe, where it gave employment to much ingenious industry (900). Justinian also caused certain eminent lawyers to prepare a code of laws, and an abridgement of law decisions, &c., called the *Pandects*, which were used by all his successors, and have been adopted as the basis of their laws by several countries of Europe. The talents and virtues of his general, Belisarius, regained to the empire Africa, and great part of Italy, from the Vandals and Ostrogoths; this conquest, however, only prevented the latter region from being united under one government, and has been the cause of its remaining a feeble and divided country ever since. In the reign of Tiberius, shortly after (580), the people of Rome, though they entreated with great earnestness the aid and pity of the emperor, who now claimed to rule over them, were unable to obtain any relief, and remained distracted between their attachment to the ancient head of the empire, and the claims of his enemies who occupied the rest of Italy.

The next emperor who merits attention is Heraclius (610), a native of Africa. The Eastern Empire had till now preserved its ancient boundaries in their full extent, and was mistress of Carthage, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, besides Greece, and the countries on the Danube. The Roman armies on the eastern frontier had, however, been lately driven in by Chosroes, King of Persia, who now occupied all the north of Africa and Syria. This was the first great violation of their territory sustained by the emperors of Constantinople: and Heraclius avenged it with a celerity and effect which made the Persians tremble. He pursued Chosroes into his own territory, and forced him to hide himself one night in a wigwam, where he was obliged to creep into the door on his hands and feet. It is said that the government of the Persians was disagreeable to the provinces, which (though often oppressively taxed) had always been accustomed, under the Romans, to a regular form of laws, and that, therefore, they returned with willingness under the power of Heraclius (628). His triumph, however, was short, for the latter part of his reign was disturbed by the rise and victories of Mahomet. The successors of this signal impostor, after breaking the power of Persia (already weakened by the victories of Heraclius), immediately attacked the Roman empire; then defeated its armies in two battles, occupied all Syria, and obliged the emperor (now an old man) to retire to Constantinople. He died in 641.

The continued victories of the followers of Mahomet

met (called Arabs or Saracens) soon deprived the empire of Egypt, Africa, and Syria; and in 668 they followed up their success by attacking Constantinople itself. The city sustained two sieges, in the first of which the Saracens were encamped in its neighbourhood, and carried on the operations of a siege at intervals, for seven years; and in the second, for nearly two. In both they were repulsed, partly by the strength of the fortifications, but more effectually by means of what has been called the *Greek fire*. This was a composition of sulphur, pitch, and rock-oil, which, whenever it was kindled, burnt without quenching, even in water: it was darted upon the besiegers and their works, by arrows wrapped in tow, and dipped in the liquid, or was discharged upon them in torrents from some kind of tubes. In both sieges the Saracens wasted immense resources ineffectually.

The empire had now lost all its provinces eastward of Mount Taurus, and the cities of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch, were in the hands of the Mahomedans. There was little further change in its condition till the year 867, under the Emperor Basil, who gave new vigour both to the internal administration and to the military resources of the government. This prince, and his immediate predecessor Zimisces, made the Roman arms—for they still wished to be called Romans—respect on the Euphrates and Tigris, and asserted the ancient warlike reputation and boundaries of the empire. They were now, however, deprived of the resources they had enjoyed in the secure possession of the great commercial cities of the Mediterranean—Alexandria, Carthage, Cæsarea, &c.; and the trade and revenues of those which remained were crippled and diminished from the want of that free general intercourse which had existed when they were all under one government. Hence the armies were maintained with greater difficulty, and any victories that were gained could not be followed up with effect. The early enemies of the empire—the Goths, Vandals, and Huns—had now settled into civilized communities, and were no longer formidable. The foes with whom it contended latterly were the Bulgarians and Seljukian Turks; the former of whom were rather troublesome than dangerous, but the latter, who had succeeded the Saracens in the dominion of Asia, aimed at nothing short of the destruction of the Roman name. They succeeded at last, by defeating and taking prisoner the Emperor Romanus Diogenes, in tearing away almost the whole province of Asia Minor (1099); and the emperors were now confined to their dominions in Europe, which, however, still formed a monarchy not much smaller than France or Spain.

The manners of the court of Constantinople during much of this period were dissolute and corrupt. We are told of one emperor who ordered a plate of human noses to be brought to his table; another was accustomed to seize the deputies of cities whose tribute was in arrear, and suspend them with their heads downwards over a slow fire; a third got up farces in mockery of the ceremonies of religion: and, in general, the appointment of officers, and even the succession to the empire (where it was not seized by some successful general) was in the hands of the women and eunuchs of the palace. The cities and provinces generally acquiesced at the choice of an emperor, in the decision of the capital or army; this circumstance shows that the laws were attended to, and that there was a regular system of government, which was not much disturbed by the personal character of the reigning prince. The countries of Greece, however, which had formerly been the seat of knowledge and the arts, were now sunk in ignorance; and the little learning that was cultivated in the capital was only scholastic divinity, or the pedantry of law and grammar. There is no scholar or philosopher of the empire of Constantinople who is generally known to posterity; and those who have written its annals in modern times, complain that its contemporary historians are partial, full of prolixity on unimportant matters, and barren of useful information.

A great change took place in the relations of the empire after the eleventh century. It was still pressed by the Turks on the east, who now occupied Asia Minor, and were only separated from Constantinople by the Hellespont; while, in Europe, its territories were disturbed by the incursions of certain Norman adventurers who had settled in Sicily; against these enemies the emperor Claudius Comnenus, an active prince, and full of resources, made all the resistance which his diminished revenues allowed, and applied to the Christian sovereigns of Europe to aid him in expelling the Mahomedans from the territories of the empire, but above all, to drive out the Turks from the land of Judea, which they occupied and profaned, and where they harassed the Christian pilgrims who desired to visit the scenes of Scripture history. This appeal of the emperor was received in Europe at a time when men's minds had been already stirred by vivid representations of the cruelties of the Mahomedans in the Holy Land; and the consequence was, that many of the princes and chiefs of Christendom, with vast multitudes of their people, resolved to combine in an endeavour to assist the emperor, and free Judea from the infidels. This expedition took place in 1099, and is known as the *first crusade*, or *expedition of the cross*. It is reckoned that 300,000 men arrived at Constantinople, besides multitudes who died on the road; and the emperor was alarmed at the fierce army of strangers pouring into his dominions, over whom or their chiefs he had no con-

trol. He hurried their passage over the Bosphorus into Asia as quickly as possible, so that the commanders were hardly pleased with their reception, and repaid the distrust of the emperor with insolence and dislike. They were victorious, however, after many calamities, over the Mahomedans, and gained possession of Jerusalem, leaving to the emperor their conquests in Asia Minor, which, from the vast numbers destroyed in the crusade, they had no means of retaining in their own hands (1118).

There were six other expeditions of a similar kind, though of less magnitude than the first: the last was in the year 1248, and during the whole of the intervening period, Constantinople became a great thoroughfare for the passage of the Christian princes, and of their followers, to the east. The commerce, which originated partly in the wants of these military pilgrims, and partly in the ancient wealth of that celebrated capital, induced great numbers of the merchants and people of the west to settle there. The original jealousy between these strangers and the rulers of Constantinople still subsisted, and was now embittered by certain religious disputes between the Latin (or western) and Greek churches. This source of disquiet was heightened by dissensions among the members of the reigning family, in which the western or Latin strangers (consisting chiefly of French and Italians) interfered: they at last took such a decided part as to lay siege to Constantinople, and to place the candidate (Alexius Angelus), whom they favoured, upon the throne (1203). The Greeks, however, refused to submit to the indignity of seeing their empire given away by foreigners (whom they still called barbarians), and, rising in tumultuous rage upon the insolent Latins, they drove them from the capital. These enemies, however, immediately returned—formed the siege a second time, and, being again successful, they plundered the imperial city without mercy, and destroyed with fierce havoc those splendid monuments of art or expense which form the ornaments of an ancient capital (1204). They proclaimed Baldwin, count of Flanders, emperor, but gave him only a fourth part of the dominions of the empire, the French and Italian chiefs dividing the rest among themselves. There were five emperors of the Latin race, who enjoyed a troubled possession of Constantinople for about 60 years.

The Greek sovereignty was in the meantime established at Nice, in Asia Minor, where it attained considerable power as a minor state; while the feudal tyranny of the military adventurers who reigned in Constantinople, made their yoke intolerable to the people. The Greek rulers, therefore, who brought back with them the old laws of the empire, were soon able to re-establish themselves in their capital (1261), and to regain a considerable portion of their dominions in Macedonia, Greece, and the Islands. The Turks under Othman and his successors, who had gained the ascendancy in Asia Minor, were their chief enemies after this re-establishment; and as that people gradually rose to power, the emperors were obliged to seek the alliance of other nations to counterbalance their hostility. By a policy of this kind, they at one time had the assistance of the Moguls (under Timour); and at others, leaned for support on the Pope, and the western nations of Europe; and the empire thus subsisted as a secondary state, and without vigour, for about two centuries after the expulsion of the Latins. It had now no influence on other nations, and was altogether changed and shrunken from the character of that power which had first given celebrity to Constantinople.

The Turks, who were settled at Bursa, in Asia Minor, were continually making encroachments on its territory, and had long possessed themselves of Adrianople, in Europe. The capital of the empire, therefore, lay between two of the chief strongholds of its enemies, and was exposed at every opportunity to their hostilities. Had the government of the petty emperors (as they must now be called) not been supported by the attachment of their subjects, and by considerable policy, they could not have existed many years in this situation, especially as there was often much intrigue and dissension in Constantinople itself. It was not till the year 1453 that the city was at last taken, after a severe siege by the Turks under Mahomet the Second; and the pageant of the Roman empire in the east was then finally dissolved. The victors succeeded immediately to those portions of the empire which had remained attached to the capital; and, after some years, wrested also from the Venetians and Genoese those territories which had been detached at the time of the Latin usurpation.

Thus, at the middle of the fifteenth century, the last vestige of the Roman power was destroyed, the Lower empire, or that of Constantinople, having survived, in however impaired a condition, about a thousand years after Rome had been intruded upon by the barbarians, or until 2185 years from the foundation of the Roman monarchy. It is somewhat remarkable that the fate of Rome and Constantinople was strictly analogous. Rome became the seat of a bishop, who, under the appellation of the Pope, acquired a sway over the greater part of the Christian world; while Constantinople was constituted the place of residence of a Turkish sultan, who claimed a descent from Mahomet, and, as a spiritual chief, wielded an equally influential authority over the whole of the Mahomedan nations in the east. The power of both these successors of the emperors remains till the present day,

but sadly mutilated and contemned, and the present aspect of affairs seems to betoken its speedy and final dissolution.

#### A TALE OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

NATURE has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet how often is this appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and, unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite; may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, exercises merely a negative upon the most important event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age, with almost equal advantage; but women must improve the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

William Arbuthnot was born in a remote county of Scotland, where his father rented a few acres of land, which his own industry had reclaimed from the greatest wildness to a state of considerable fertility. Having given, even in his first attempts at learning, those indications of retentive memory, which the partiality of a parent easily construes into a proof of genius, he was early destined for the Scottish church, and regarded as a philosopher before he had emerged from the nursery. While his father pleased himself with the prospect of seeing his name associated with the future greatness of his son, his mother, whose ambition took a narrower range, thought she could die contented if she should see him seated in the pulpit of his native church; and, perhaps from a pardonable piece of vanity, speculated as frequently upon the impression his appearance would leave upon the hearts of the neighbouring daughters, as his discourses upon the minds of matrons and mothers. This practice, so common among the poorer classes in Scotland, of making one of their children a scholar, to the prejudice, as is alleged, of the rest, has been often remarked, and sometimes severely censured. But probably the objections that have been urged against it derive their chief force from the exaggerations upon which they are commonly founded. It is not in general true that parents, by bestowing the rudiments of a liberal education upon one of the family, materially injure the condition or prospects of the rest. For it must be remembered, that the plebeian student is soon left to trust to his own exertions for support, and like the monitor of a Lancastrian seminary, unites the characters of pupil and master, and teaches, and is taught by turns.

But to proceed with our little narrative:—The parish schoolmaster having intimated to the parents of his pupil, that the period was at hand when he should be sent to prosecute his studies at the university, the usual preparations were made for his journey, and his departure fixed for the following day, when he was to proceed to Edinburgh under escort of the village carrier and his black dog Cæsar, two of the oldest and most intimate of his acquaintances. The feelings of affectionate regret, occasioned by his separation with his parents, were most seasonably suspended by the receipt of a letter from Mr Coventry, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, in which that gentleman offered to engage their son for a few years, as a companion and tutor to his children. This was an offer which his parents were too prudent to reject, particularly as it might prove the means of future patronage, as well as of present emolument. It was therefore immediately agreed upon that William should himself be the bearer of their letter of acceptance, and proceed forthwith to his new residence.

On the afternoon of the same day, he arrived at Daisybank, where he was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. His appearance was gentle and prepossessing, and it was not long before his new friends discovered, that the slight degree of awkwardness which at first clung to his manners, proceeded more from bashfulness and embarrassment, than natural rusticity. But as he began to feel himself at home, this embarrassment of manner gradually gave place to an easy but unobtrusive politeness. Indeed, it would not have been easy for a youth of similar views, at his first *outset* in life, to have fallen into more desirable company. Mr and Mrs Coventry were proverbial among their neighbours for the simplicity and purity of their manners, and they had laboured, not unsuccessfully, to stamp a similar character upon the minds of their children. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were confided to the care of William.

Mary, the eldest of the four, now in her sixteenth or seventeenth year, was in every respect the most

interesting object at Daisybank. To a mind highly cultivated for her years, she united many of those personal graces and attractions which command little homage in the crowd, but open upon us in the shade of retirement, and lend to the domestic circle its most irresistible charms.

It will easily be believed that it was next to impossible for a youth nearly of the same age, and not dissimilar in his dispositions, to remain long insensible to beauties that were gradually maturing before his eyes, and becoming every day more remarkable. Fortunately, however, the idea of dependence attached to his situation, and a temper naturally diffident, determined him to renounce for ever a hope which he feared, in his present circumstances, would be deemed ungrateful and even presumptuous. But this was waging war with nature, a task which he soon found to be above his strength. He had now, therefore, to abandon the hope of victory for the safety of retreat, and content himself with concealing those sentiments he found it impossible to subdue. Yet so deceitful is love, that even this modest hope was followed with disappointment. One fine evening in June, when he was about to unbend from the duties of the day, and retire to muse upon the amiable Mary, he encountered the fair wanderer herself, who was probably returning from a similar excursion. He accosted her in evident confusion, and, without being conscious of what he said, invited her to join him in a walk to a neighbouring height. His request was complied with in the same spirit it had been made, for embarrassment is often contagious, particularly the embarrassment arising from love. On this occasion he intended to summon up all his powers of conversation, and yet his companion had never found him so silent. Some common-place compliments to the beauty of the evening were almost the only observations which escaped his lips, and these he uttered more in the manner of a sleep-walker than a lover. They soon reached the limit of their walk, and rested upon an eminence that commanded the prospect of an extensive valley below. Day was fast declining to that point which is termed twilight, when the whole irrational creation prepare for rest, and only man dares to intrude upon the silence of nature. Miss Coventry beheld the approach of night with some uneasiness, and dreading to be seen with William alone, she began to rally him upon his apparent absence and confusion, and proposed that they should immediately return to the house. At mention of this, William started as from a dream, and being unable longer to command his feelings, he candidly confessed to her the cause of his absence and dejection. He dwelt with much emotion upon his own demerit, and voluntarily accused himself for the presumption of a hope which he never meant to have revealed until the nearer accomplishment of his views had rendered it less imprudent and romantic. He declared that he would sooner submit to any hardship than incur the displeasure of her excellent parents, and entreated, that whatever were her sentiments with regard to the suit he was so presumptuous as to prefer, that she might assist him in concealing from them a circumstance which he feared would be attended with that consequence. To this tender and affectionate appeal the gentle Mary could only answer with her sighs and blushes. She often indeed attempted to speak, but the words as often died upon her lips, and they had nearly reached home before she could even whisper an answer to the reiterated questions of her lover. But she did answer at last; and never was a monarch more proud of his conquest, or the homage of tributary princes, than William was of the simple fealty of the heart of Mary.

It will readily be imagined that the saddest day of our tutor's life was that on which he parted from this amiable family. He had here, he believed, spent the happiest moments of his existence, and, instead of rejoicing that he had passed through one stage of his apprenticeship, he dwelt upon the past with pleasure, and looked forward to the future with pain.

Fortune, however, presented an insuperable obstacle to his spending his days in the inaction of private study; and he knew that he could neither gain, nor deserve to gain, the object of his affection, without establishing himself in life, by pursuing the course which had been originally chalked out to him. After, therefore, "pledging off to meet again," he bade adieu to Daisybank, loaded with the blessings of the best of parents, and followed with the prayers of the best of daughters. He now paid a farewell visit to his father and mother, and after remaining with them a few days, proceeded to Edinburgh, and, for a short period, felt his melancholy relieved by the thousand novelties that attract the notice of a stranger in a great city. He soon distinguished himself in his classes, and, before the usual period, was engaged as a tutor in one of the best families in Scotland.

This event formed another important era in his life. His prospects were now flattering, and as vanity did not fail to exaggerate them, he soon dropped a considerable portion of his humility, and began to regard himself as a young man of merit, to whom fortune was lavish of her favours. In his leisure hours he had opportunities of mingling much in society; and as his manners and address were easy and engaging, scarcely a week elapsed that did not add to the number of his friends. The affections, when divided into many channels, cannot run deep in any; and probably, for every new acquaintance whom William

honoured with his esteem, it required a sacrifice of friendship at the expense of love, and produced some abatement of that devotion of soul which accompanies every true and permanent attachment. At Daisybank he had seen a simple favourite of the graces, but here he beheld the daughters of wealth and of fashion, surrounded with all the gloss of art, and soon began to waver in his attachment, and even to regard his engagement as little more than a youthful frolic. By degrees, he became less and less punctual in his correspondence with Miss Coventry, and in place of anticipating the arrival of her letters as he was wont to do, he allowed them to be sent slowly to his lodgings, opened them without anxiety, and read them without interest. Of all this inconstancy, ingratitude, and neglect, the simple Mary remained a silent though unconcerned spectator. Kind and generous by nature, and judging of others by herself, she framed a thousand excuses for his negligence; and when he did condescend to write to her, answered him as if she had been unconscious of any abatement in his attentions.

Matters remained in this uncertain state for the space of three long years—at least they seemed long to Miss Coventry—when William received his licence as a preacher. He now, therefore, thought of redeeming a pledge he had given to the minister of his native parish, to make his first public appearance in his pulpit; and after giving due intimation, he departed for the parish of —, with his best sermon in the pocket of his best coat. The account of his visit spread with telegraphic despatch, long before telegraphs were invented, and was known over half the district many days before his arrival. This was another great and eventful day for his mother. She blessed Providence that she had lived to see the near fulfilment of her most anxious wish, and rising a little in her ambition, thought she could now be contented, if she should see him settled in a living of his own, and be greeted by her neighbours with the envied name of grandmother. As William was expected to dine with his parents on his way to the parsonage, or, as it is called in Scotland, the manse of —, great preparations were made for his reception, and for the appearance of the whole family at church on the following Sunday. Mrs Arbutnott drew from the family chest her wedding gown, which had only seen the sun twice during thirty summers; and her husband, for the first time, reluctantly applied a brush to his holiday suit, which appeared, from the antiquity of its fashion, to have descended, like the garments of the Swiss, through many successive generations of the Arbutnotts.

The little church of H— was crowded to the door, perhaps for the first time, long before the bellman had given the usual signal. Mr Coventry, though residing in a different parish, had made a journey thither with several of his family, for the purpose of witnessing the first public appearance of his friend. In this party was the amiable Mary, who took a greater interest in the event than any one, save the preacher himself, was aware of.

William on this occasion recited a well written discourse with ease and fluency, and impressed his audience with a high opinion of his talents and piety. Mr Coventry waited in the church-yard till the congregation had retired, to salute his friend, and invite him to spend a few days at Daisybank. Mary, who hung in her father's arm, curtseyed, blushed, and looked down. She had no well-turned compliment to offer on the occasion, but her eyes expressed something at parting, which once would have been sweeter to his soul than the applause of all the world besides.

Ambition from the beginning has been the bane of love. War and peace are not more opposite in their nature and effects than those rival passions; and the bosom that is agitated with the cares of the one, has little relish for the gentle joys of the other. William beheld in the person of Miss Coventry all he had been taught to regard as amiable or estimable in woman; but the recollection of the respect that had been shown him by females of distinction, mixed with exaggerated notions of his own merit, made him undervalue those simple unobtrusive graces he once prized so highly, and think almost any conquest easy, after he had been settled in the rich living of B—, which had been promised him by his patron.

On the following day he paid a visit to Daisybank, and received the most cordial welcome from a family who sympathized almost equally with his parents in his prospects and advancement. During his stay there, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Coventry alone, but he neglected, or rather avoided them all; and when rallied on the subject of marriage, declaimed on the pleasures of celibacy, and hinted, with a good deal of insincerity, his intention of living single.

William bade adieu to Miss Coventry without dropping one word upon which she could rear the superstructure of hope, and carried with him her peace of mind, as he had formerly carried with him her affections. From that hour she became pensive and melancholy, in spite of all her efforts to appear cheerful and happy. She had rejected many lovers for the inconstant's sake; but that gave her no concern. Her union with him had been long the favourite object of her life; and she could have patiently resigned existence now that its object was lost. But she shuddered at the thought of the shock it would give her affectionate parents; for the softer feelings of our nature

are all of one family, and the tenderest wives have ever been the most dutiful daughters.

It was impossible for Mary long to conceal the sorrow which consumed her. Her fading cheeks and heavy eyes gave daily indications of what her lips refused to utter. Her parents became deeply alarmed at these symptoms of indisposition, and anxiously and ceaselessly inquired into the cause of her illness; but her only answer was, that she felt no pain. The best physicians were immediately consulted upon her case, who recommended change of air and company. But all these remedies were tried without effect. The poison of disappointment had taken deep root in her heart, and defied the power of medicine.

Her attendants, when they found all their prescriptions ineffectual, began to ascribe her malady to its real cause, and hinted to her parents their apprehensions that she had been crossed in love. The good people, though greatly surprised at the suggestion, had too much prudence to treat it with indifference; and they left no means untried, consistent with a regard for the feelings of their child, to wile from her the important secret. At first, she endeavoured to evade their inquiries; but finding it impossible to lay their apprehensions without having recourse to disimulation, she confessed to her mother her attachment to William, concealing only the promises he had made to her, and every circumstance that imputed to him the slightest degree of blame. At the same time she entreated them, with the greatest earnestness, that no use might be made of a secret which she wished to have carried with her to the grave. This was a hard task imposed upon her parents. They felt equally with herself the extreme delicacy of making the disclosure; but, on the other hand, they contemplated nothing but the probable loss of their child—an event, the bare apprehension of which filled their minds with the bitterest anguish. After many anxious consultations, Mr Coventry determined, unknown to any but his wife, to pay a visit to William, and ascertain his sentiments with regard to his daughter.

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he found that his friend had departed for the manse of B—, with which he had been recently presented. This event, which in other circumstances would have given him the liveliest pleasure, awakened on this occasion emotions of a contrary nature, as he feared it would make his now reverend friend more elevated in his notions, and, consequently, more averse to a union with his daughter. He did not, however, on that account, conceal the real object of his journey, or endeavour to accomplish his purpose by stratagem or deceit. He candidly disclosed his daughter's situation and sentiments, requesting of his friend that he would open to him his mind with equal candour; and added, that, although he held wealth to be an improper motive in marriage, and hoped that his daughter did not require such a recommendation, yet, in the event of a union, whatever he possessed would be liberally shared with him.

On hearing of the situation of Miss Coventry, William became penetrated with the deepest remorse; and being aware that his affection for her was rather stifled than estranged, he declared his willingness to make her his wife. These words operated like a charm upon the drooping spirits of the father, who embraced his friend with ardour, and besought him immediately to accompany him home, that they might lose no time in making a communication, which, he fondly hoped, would have a similar effect upon the spirits of his daughter.

They departed accordingly together, indulging in the pleasing hope that all would yet be well; but on their arrival at Daisybank, they were seriously alarmed to hear that Miss Coventry had been considerably worse than her father left home. She was now entirely confined to her chamber, and seemed to care for nothing so much as solitude, and an exemption from the trouble of talking. As soon as she was informed of the arrival of their visitor, she suspected he had been sent for, and, therefore, refused to see him; but upon being assured by her mother, who found deceit in this instance indispensable, that his visit was voluntary and accidental, she at last consented to give him an interview.

On entering the room which had formerly been the family parlour, William was forcibly struck with the contrast it exhibited. Every object seemed to swim before his sight, and it was some moments before he discovered Miss Coventry, who reclined on a sofa at the farther end of the room. He advanced with a beating heart, and grasped the burning hand that was extended to meet him. He pressed it to his lips, and wept, and muttered something incoherent of forgiveness and love. He looked doubtfully on Mary's face for an answer; but her eye darted no reproach, and her lips uttered no reflection. A faint blush, that at this moment overspread her cheek, seemed a token of returning health and strength, and inspired him for a moment with confidence and hope. It was the last effort of nature; and ere the blood could return to its fountain, that fountain had closed for ever. Death approached his victim under the disguise of sleep, and appeared divested of his usual pains and terrors.

William retired from this scene of unutterable anguish, and for a long period was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy and remorse. But time gradually softened and subdued his sorrow, and, I trust, perfected his repentance. He is since married and wealthy,

and is regarded by the world as an individual eminently fortunate and happy. But amidst all his comforts, there are moments when he would exchange his identity with the meanest slave that breathes, and regards himself as the murderer of Mary Coventry.\*

#### A BORDER PROPHECY.

Atween Crain-cross and Eildon Tree,  
A bonny buairn there is to be,  
That'll neither have hands to fecht nor feet to flee,  
To be born in England, brought up in Scotland, and to gang  
hame again to England to dee.

THIS prophecy has been popular, in a certain district of the south of Scotland, from time immemorial. It is usually ascribed to Alexander Peden, the Cameronian seer; but as that right worshipful personage succeeded to a great deal of the fame and literary property of Thomas the Rhymer, and has been more than once detected in re-predicting what his predecessor had long before foretold, it may be in reality of much higher antiquity. Be the author who he may, it is certain that the prophecy came to pass in recent times. About the middle of the last century, a boy was born without hands and feet, at a place called Ballen Mill, near Falstone, in Northumberland. His name was Paterson. Soon after his birth, he was removed to Falnash Mill, near the head of the Teviot water, about eight miles above Hawick. Here he was brought up. While yet a child, he was taken back to England with the rest of his family, and he died at Carlisle, aged seven years; thus completely fulfilling every particular of the prediction, and thereby confirming all the people who knew the circumstances in a belief of Mr Peden's prophetic powers. He was long after remembered in Carlisle, on account of his intellectual capacity, and the astonishing extent of his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

The subject of the prophecy had a brother, who survived him, and lived till recent years at Tarrasfoot, in the parish of Cannobie. The peculiarities of this man seem to indicate that the family had oddities of more sorts than one. He was prodigiously fond of gossip, or what in Scotland is called *cracking*. Like Walter Peacock, the town-drummer of Paisley—who was such an amateur in his profession, that, when once fairly agog in a *ruff*, there was no stopping him, except by holding his hands—Paterson could not by any means but those of force be unsettled in his hobby of garrulity. He is said to have himself sometimes used force in compelling people to listen to him. A person of the name of Graham had the misfortune one summer evening to meet him on the public road near his house at Tarras-foot. After an hour or two spent in discussing the news of the day, Graham endeavoured to get away, knowing that his family at home would be alarmed at his non-appearance. Paterson, however, held him still by the button, until he had inflicted another mortal hour of gossip upon him. Graham then, in a sort of desperation, took a sudden opportunity of shaking himself loose from the unconscionable talker, and was marching off at quick pace, when Paterson out-maneuvred him, by getting in before him, prevented his further progress, and, finally, *whirled* him, as a shepherd would say, up to a corner of the dyke, from which it was impossible he should escape. Thus he stood the whole night, bored by the garrulous old fellow, and it was actually broad day before he was permitted to go home. Another instance of Paterson's indefatigable talkativeness may be adduced. He had been in the habit of resorting to the house of a neighbour every evening during a long course of time, for the gratification of his favourite passion. [Indeed, he went far and wide for this purpose, and was as well acquainted with the topography of all the ingle-neuks in the country for ten miles round as he was with that of his own in particular.] The goodman and goodwife of this humble tenement, who had often wished him in a place we shall not name, for his late sittings, agreed one night to let him sit just as long as he would, for the sake of experiment, or, in other words, to let him rise first. Paterson sat till long past midnight with undiminished vigour, and without showing the slightest symptom of a desire to go. At length the goodman could sit no longer. He took care, however, not to disturb or scare away his visitor. Under the pretence of going out, he slipped behind the hallan, took off his clothes, and quietly went to bed. Paterson sat still, talking to the goodwife, who did not feel so much inconvenience as her husband from the infliction, having, like Baron Trenck, got a habit of answering and carrying on the conversation by monosyllables, while she slept as sound upon her chair as if she had been a-bed. At length, when the cuckoo-clock proclaimed the hour of eight, and the light peeping down the spacious chimney announced the approach of day, Paterson reluctantly got upon his legs, and took his leave, only observing, that the goodman had surely gone a-courting, seeing that he tarried so long.

\* This affecting and well-told tale is from the *Dumfries Magazine* for 1823. We believe it is from the pen of Mr M'Diarmid, the editor and publisher of that able provincial print, and does great credit both to his abilities and his feelings.

#### EDINBURGH IN THE PRESENT AND PAST AGE.

Up till the middle of the last century, the city of Edinburgh continued to occupy little more than the space of ground which it had assumed in the reign of James the Third and Fourth, namely, the ridge of land sloping from the Castle on the west to Holyroodhouse on the east. Its external appearance was grand, and travellers invariably admired the lofty magnificence of its principal street, which is now degraded and abused. The houses were tall tenements of eight and nine storeys, entered by common stairs, with the doors of the separate dwellings on the different landing-places. This practice prevailed not only in the main street, but in the alleys, or *wynds*, which were just so many closely-packed streets. About sixty years since, this ancient and confined mode of living was greatly altered, by the erection of a New Town on an open space of ground north from the old city, and which is now the place of residence of all the higher, and the greater part of the respectable classes in the Scottish metropolis.

It may be worth while to contrast the accommodations at present required by a person of first rank in Edinburgh with what was deemed sufficient in the last age. At present, a gentleman of the best order in Edinburgh—say a judge of the Court of Session—finds it necessary to have a self-contained house in Moray Place, or some equally splendid district, for which he pays a rent of about £160 (the very feu-duty, perhaps, costing £35 annually), and which consists of four flats, containing the following apartments:—On the sunk floor, a complete suite of culinary apartments, with accommodation for servants; on second floor, dining-room in front, business room or library, and a bed-room, behind; on third floor, drawing-room occupying the whole front of the house, with two large apartments behind generally occupied as bed-room and dressing-room, but which may be added to the drawing-room, upon occasion, by means of large door-ways; fourth flat, a nursery and a number of good bed-rooms, besides which there is perhaps a suite of small rooms immediately under the slates. The furniture of such a house would not cost less than fifteen hundred pounds, but more generally is purchased at the rate of two thousand.

In opposition to this picture, we give the accommodation which satisfied a most respectable judge and landed gentleman of the latter part of the last century, namely, Lord Kennet.—[It was, to be sure, while still in business as an advocate—but still he was a gentleman of good estate.]—This eminent person lived in a flat in Forrester's Wynd, Lawnmarket, which he either rented, or might have rented, at about £15, and which contained the following apartments, as described by a member of his lordship's family:—The rooms were three—the kitchen one. One room was “my lady's,” another was the gentleman's consulting-room or study; the third was their bed-room. The servant girl, who, besides the nurse, was their only female attendant, slept under the dresser in the kitchen. Their single man servant slept out of the house; and the nurse and children had beds in the study, which, during the day, were removed into the bed-room! In his latter days, when raised to the bench, his lordship, by way of making a corresponding step in gentility, removed to a house of two flats—in the *Horse Wynd*!

The moral of this contrast, which, every body will acknowledge, might easily be extended to every rank in Scottish society, is a sufficient proof, if proof were wanting, of the prodigious advance made during the last fifty years, in all that regards domestic circumstances, in Scotland. The cry of evil times and a necessitous population is now as loud as ever; but a few statistical facts like the above are only required to prove it destitute of foundation. Men may now live as near the verge of their income as before, and may therefore feel as often the twinge arising from inadequate funds. But it is clear that the style of existence is in every respect universally improved. To hope for the day when men will be prudent enough to avoid all those little evils which evidently are the only cause of the apparent discontent, is to expect more than human nature can give.

#### INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

THEY who write on natural history cannot too frequently advert to instinct, that wonderful limited faculty, which, in some instances, raises the brute creation, as it were, above reason, and, in others, leaves them so far below it. Philosophers have defined instinct to be that secret influence by which every species is impelled naturally to pursue, at all times, the same way, or track, without any teaching or example; whereas reason, without instruction, would often vary, and do that by many methods which instinct effects by one alone. Now, this maxim must be taken in a qualified sense, for there are instances in which instinct does vary and conform to the circumstances of place and convenience.

It has been remarked, that every species of bird has a mode of nidification peculiar to itself, so that a schoolboy would at once pronounce on the sort of nest before him. This is the case among fields, and woods, and wilds; but in the villages round London, where mosses, and gossamer and cotton from vegetables, are hardly to be found, the nest of the chaffinch has not that elegant finished appearance, nor is it so beautifully stud-

ded with lichens, as in a more rural district; and the wren is obliged to construct its house with straws and dry grasses, which do not give it that rotundity and compactness so remarkable in the edifices of that little architect. Again, the regular nest of the house-marten is hemispheric; but where a rafter, or a joist, or a cornice, may happen to stand in the way, the nest is so contrived as to conform to the obstruction, and becomes flat, or oval, or compressed.

In the following instances, instinct is perfectly uniform and consistent. There are three creatures, the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nut-hatch, which live much on hazel-nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell into two with his long fore-teeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, so regular as if drilled with a gimble, and yet so small that one would wonder how the kernel can be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular ragged hole with its bill; but as this artist has no paws to hold the nut firmly while he pierces it, like an adroit workman, he fixes it as it were in a vice, in some cleft of a tree, or in some crevice, when, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell. We have often placed nuts in the chink of a gate-post, where nut-hatches have been known to haunt, and have always found that those birds have readily penetrated them. While at work, they make a rattling noise that may be heard at a considerable distance.—*White's Natural History of Selborne*.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### SAUNDERSON.

NOTHING almost appears so surprising as the intelligence and general knowledge often possessed by men who have all their lives been in a state of total blindness. Persons subject to this most melancholy calamity are frequently found to talk with fluency and correctness of the nature, and even outward appearance, of objects whose character they can only imagine. By the most persevering efforts they attain a knowledge of the most abstruse sciences, and arrive at a distinction not procured by those in the possession of sight. In the case of Dr Blacklock, which we have already noticed, it has been seen that a poor blind boy, by the force of his genius, and a spirit of independence, so far overcame his deprivation and the difficulties which it presented in a course of education, as to qualify himself for the office of a clergyman, and reach a respectable station in society. We have another case equally remarkable and instructive now to bring forward, namely, that of SAUNDERSON, the eminent mathematician, who was totally blind from his infancy:—

NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON was born at the village of Thurston, in Yorkshire, in 1682. He was only a year old when he was deprived, by small-pox, not only of his sight, but even of his eyes themselves, which were destroyed by abscess. Yet it was probably to this apparent misfortune that Saunderson chiefly owed both a good education, and the leisure he enjoyed, from his earliest years, for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge. He was sent when very young to the free school at Penniston, in the neighbourhood of his native place; and here, notwithstanding the mighty disadvantage under which it would seem that he must have contended with his school-fellows, he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and Latin. It is to be regretted that we have no account of the mode of teaching that was adopted by his master in so singular a case, or the manner in which the poor boy contrived to pursue his studies in the absence of that sovereign organ to which the mind is wont to be chiefly indebted for knowledge. Some one must have read the lesson to him, till his memory, strengthened by the habit and the necessity of exertion, had obtained complete possession of it, and the mind, as it were, had made a book for itself, which it could read without the assistance of the eye. At all events, it is certain that the progress he made in this part of his education was such as is not often equalled, even by those to whom nature has given all the ordinary means of study; for he acquired so great a familiarity with the Greek language as to be in the habit of having the works written in it read to him, and following the meaning of the author as if the composition had been in English, while he showed his perfect mastery over the Latin, on many occasions in the course of his life, by both dictating and speaking it with the utmost fluency and command of expression.

These acquirements were due of course, in a great measure, to an excellent memory, which again owed, no doubt, much of its power and aptitude to the very difficulties under which it was obliged to exert itself. Every one of our faculties, corporeal and mental, is to a certain extent weakened, or at least prevented from reaching its utmost possible vigour and development, by the assistance it usually receives in its labours from other faculties. Individuals deprived of the use of their hands have learned to write and paint with their toes; no reason in the world, certainly, why those in possession of the fitter and more natural instrument should relinquish it for the other, but yet an evidence of how much more some of our members are capable, and may be made by a certain discipline to perform, than we generally suppose. The German painter, Ruggendas, celebrated for the spirit of his battle pieces, was originally an engraver, but

was obliged to abandon that profession in consequence of a weakness in his right hand, which, however, permitted him to manage the pencil, although not the burin, and accordingly he applied himself to painting. But, some years after, his disease increased so much, that, even for the lighter work it had now to do, his right hand became quite unseervable; and he would have been without a profession, or any means of subsistence at all, if he had not determined to make his left hand supply the place of its disabled companion. The experiment, after being persevered in for some time, succeeded perfectly, and he came at last to use the one hand with more ease and effect than he had ever done the other.

Any one of us, it is obvious from this, might accuse for himself two right hands instead of one, if he thought it worth his while, and chose to take the requisite pains; and the same rule holds as to the other organs and higher faculties. The peculiar attribute of the eye is to distinguish colours; there is none of its other functions which may not be performed by some one or more of the other senses. But yet it does commonly serve us in a variety of other ways; or rather, by means of the power it possesses of distinguishing colours, it is able better than any of the other senses to do us certain services which yet they also might be made to perform. However convenient this arrangement may be in most respects, it is not unattended with disadvantages. If we did not possess the faculty of sight, or never opened our eyes except when we wanted merely to distinguish colours, many of our other senses and faculties would acquire a degree of power of which we have scarcely any conception. We derive more knowledge of the external world from the eye, than from all our other senses put together; for it is its power of distinguishing colours which we chiefly make use of to measure every variety of distance, form, and motion, which objects assume, and of many of them to ascertain even a multitude of other qualities. Above all, it is by this simple power of distinguishing colours that we read books, and are enabled to drink our fill from these most abounding fountains of knowledge and reflection. But even without the eye, we should not be altogether destitute of the means of forming an acquaintance with the things around us. We should only have to make our other faculties do more than they now do. Our touch would detect inequalities in surfaces that now feel to us perfectly smooth; our taste and smell would acquire a delicacy and power of discernment, which would enable them to intimate to us, with exactness, the presence or approach of many bodies and substances, by which they are now scarcely affected; our hearing would come to their aid with a fineness of perception and discrimination that would tell the direction and distance of every sound, and measure with ease, and instinctively, differences of tone which at present only the closest attention can render sensible to the acutest ear. Undoubtedly we derive all this knowledge with infinitely greater convenience through the medium of the eye, than we should do by this augmentation of the powers of our other senses, which, if so invigorated, would probably occasion us no little annoyance and discomfort, in conveying to us the information we sought from them—to say nothing of the extremely inferior degree of service they would after all render us as compared with that which we receive from the eye. But the consideration of these sleeping capabilities which are in us (beside its importance in a philosophic point of view), ought not to be without its use both in shewing us, should we be deprived of the most valuable of our bodily organs, what resources we still have for perseverance to avail itself of; and perhaps also in exciting us to bestow a little more pains than we ordinarily do in what we may call the education of those of our natural powers, which, however susceptible of being put to profitable exercise, we are apt to allow to remain inactive, merely because we do not find it absolutely necessary to make a call upon them for their services.

What has been stated may teach us at least how much more efficient we might make almost any one of our faculties, by subjecting it to the proper discipline. They are all invigorated by the habit of exertion. And more especially may the memory be rendered, by judicious cultivation, both quick and retentive, to a degree of which its ordinary efficiency seems to give no promise. In blind men this faculty is almost always powerful. Not having the same opportunities which others enjoy of frequent or long-continued observation in regard to things with which they wish to make themselves acquainted, or of repeated reference to sources of information respecting them (their knowledge coming to them mostly in words, and not through the medium of the eye, which in general can both gather what it may desire to learn more deliberately, and recur at any time for what may have been forgotten to some permanent and ready remembrance), they are obliged to acquire habits of more alert and watchful attention than those who are beset by so many temptations to an indolent and relaxed use of their faculties, as well as to give many matters in marge to their memory which it is not commonly thought worth while to put it to the trouble of treasuring up. Their reward for all this is an added vigour of that mental power, proportioned to the labour they give it to perform. But any one of us might improve his memory to the same extent by a voluntary perseverance in something like the same method of discipline in regard to it, to which a blind man is

obliged to resort. The memory is not one of the highest faculties of the mind, but it is yet a necessary instrument and auxiliary, both in the acquisition and application of knowledge. The training, too, it may be observed, which is best adapted to augment its strength, is exactly that which, instead of being hurtful to any of our other faculties, must be beneficial to them all.

On being brought home from school, young Saunderson was taught arithmetic by his father, and soon evinced as remarkable an aptitude for this new study as he had done for that of the ancient languages. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of his native village gave him his first lessons in geometry; and he received additional instruction from other individuals, to whose notice his unfortunate situation and rare talents introduced him. But he soon got beyond all his masters, and left the most learned of them without any thing more to teach him. He then pursued his studies for some time by himself, needing no other assistance than a good author and some one to read to him. It was in this way he made himself acquainted with the works of the old Greek mathematicians, Euclid, Archimedes, and Diophantus, which he had read in the original.

But he was still without a profession, or any apparent resource by which he might support himself through life, although he had already reached his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. His own wish was to go to the university; but the circumstances of his father, who held a place in the excise, did not enable him to gratify this ambition. At last, however, it was resolved that he should proceed to Cambridge, not in the character of a student, but to open classes for teaching mathematics and natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1707, he made his appearance in that university, under the protection of a friend, one of the fellows of Christ's College. That society, with great liberality, immediately allotted him a chamber, admitted him to the use of their library, and gave him every other accommodation they could for the prosecution of his studies. It is to be recorded, likewise, to the honour of the eccentric Whiston, who then held the Lucasian professorship of mathematics in the university (a chair in which he had succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, having been appointed at the express recommendation of that great man), that, on Saunderson opening classes to teach the same branches of science upon which he had been in the habit of reading lectures, he not only shewed no jealousy of one whom a less generous mind might not unnaturally have regarded as a rival and intruder, but exerted himself, in every way in his power, to promote his success. Saunderson commenced his prelections with Newton's Optics. The Newtonian philosophy was as yet only beginning to attract attention among the learned at Cambridge. Whiston himself informs us, in that curious production called his *Memoirs*, that his own attention had been first strongly excited to the Principia by a paper written by Dr Gregory (nephew of the celebrated James Gregory), when professor at Edinburgh, "wherein," says he, "he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius; and had already caused several of his scholars to keep Acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches! were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say."

The subject itself which Saunderson chose, independently of the manner in which he treated it, was well calculated to attract notice, few things seeming at first view more extraordinary than that a man who had been blind almost from his birth should be able to explain the phenomena and expound the doctrines of light. The disadvantage under which Saunderson laboured here, however, was merely that he did not know experimentally the peculiar nature of the sensations communicated by the organ of vision. There was nothing in this to prevent him from apprehending perfectly the laws of light—that it moves in straight lines—that it falls upon surfaces, and is reflected from them, at equal angles—that it is refracted, or has its course changed, on passing from one medium into another of different density—that rays of different colours are so refracted in different degrees; and the consequences to which these primary laws necessarily lead. He was not, it is true, able to see the rays, or, rather, to experience the sensation which they produce by falling upon the eye; but, knowing their direction, he could conceive them, or represent them, by other lines, palpable to the sense of touch, which he did possess. This latter was the way he generally took to make himself acquainted with any geometrical figure. He had a board, with a great number of holes in it, at small and regular distances from each other; and on this he easily formed any diagram he wished to have before him, by merely fixing a few pins in the proper places, and extending a piece of twine over them to represent the lines. In this manner, we are told, he formed his figures more readily than another could with a pen and ink. On the same board he performed his calculations, by means of a very ingenious method of notation which he had contrived. The holes were separated into sets of nine, each set forming a square, having a hole at each corner, another at the middle point of each side, and one in the centre. It is obvious that in such a figure, one pin placed at the centre

might be made to stand in any one of eight different positions with reference to another pin placed on the boundary line of the square; and each of these positions might represent, either to the eye or the touch, a particular number, thus affording signs for eight of the digits. Saunderson used to employ a pin with a larger head for the central hole; so that even when it stood alone, it formed a symbol easily distinguishable from any other. Lastly, by using two large-headed pins in one of the positions, instead of one with a large and another with a small head as usual, he formed a tenth mark, and so obtained representatives for the nine digits and the cipher—all the elementary characters required, as every one knows, in the common system of notation. Here, then, were evidently the means of performing any operation in arithmetic.

In a description of this contrivance, which we have from the pen of Mr Colson, Saunderson's successor at Cambridge, we are assured that its inventor, in making use of it, "could place and displace his pins with incredible nimbleness and facility, much to the pleasure and surprise of all the beholders. He could even break off in the middle of a calculation, and resume it when he pleased, and could presently know the condition of it by only drawing his fingers gently over the table." But Saunderson was also wont to perform many long operations, both in arithmetic and algebra, solely by his powerful and admirably disciplined memory. And his mind, after having once got possession of even a very complicated geometrical figure, would, without the aid of any palpable symbols, easily retain a perfect conception of all its parts, and reason upon it, or follow any demonstration of which it might be the subject, as accurately as if he had it all the while under his eye. It occasionally cost him some effort, it was remarked, to imprint upon his mind, in the first instance, a figure unusually intricate; but when this was once done, all his difficulties were over. He seems indeed to have made use of sensible representations chiefly in explaining the theorems of science to his pupils. In the print prefixed to his *Algebra* he is represented discoursing upon the geographical and astronomical circles of the globe, by the assistance of an armillary sphere constructed of wood. His explanations were always remarkable for their simplicity and clearness, qualities which they derived, however, not from any tedious or unnecessary minuteness by which they were characterised, but from the skill and judgment with which he gave prominence to the really important points of his subject, and directed the attention of his hearers to the particulars most concerned in its elucidation.

His ability and success as a teacher continued and augmented that crowded attendance of pupils, which, in the first instance, he had owed perhaps principally to the mere curiosity of the public. Every succeeding university examination afforded additional evidence of the benefit derived from his prelections. His merits, consequently, were not long in being appreciated both at Cambridge and among scientific men in general. He obtained the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, his veneration for whom was repaid by that illustrious philosopher with so much regard, that when Whiston was expelled from his chair in 1711, Sir Isaac exerted himself with all his influence to obtain the vacant situation for Saunderson. On this occasion, too, the heads of colleges applied to the Crown in his behalf to issue a mandate for conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts, as a necessary preliminary to his election; and their request being complied with, he was appointed to the professorship. From this time Saunderson gave himself up almost entirely to his pupils. Of his future history we need only relate, that he married in 1723, and was created Doctor of Laws in 1728, on a visit of George the Second to the University, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration of distinguished eloquence. He died in 1739, in the 57th year of his age, leaving a son and daughter.—*Abridged from Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

#### SPECTRES.

A man would not only be very rash, but also very extravagant, who should pretend to prove that there never was any person that imagined he saw a spectre; and I do not think that the most obstinate unbelievers have maintained this. All that they say amounts to no more than that the persons who have thought themselves eye-witnesses of the apparitions of spirits had diseased imaginations. They confess, then, that there are certain places in our brain, that, being affected in a certain manner, excite the image of an object which has no real existence out of ourselves, and make the man whose brain is thus modified believe he sees at two paces' distance a frightful spectre, a hobgoblin, a threatening phantom. The like happens in the heads of the most incredulous, either in their sleep or in the paroxysms of a violent fever. Will they maintain after this, that it is impossible for a man awake, and not in a delirium, to receive in certain places of his brain an impression almost like that which, by the laws of nature, is connected with the appearance of a phantom? If they are forced to acknowledge that this is possible, they cannot promise that a spectre will never appear to them; that is, that they shall never when awake believe they see either a man or a beast when they are alone in a chamber.—*Bayle's Dictionary, Art. HOBSES.*

## LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

## INTEGRITY OF THE TEXT.

THE sacred books which were written, as we have seen, in Hebrew, the language of the patriarchs, have been preserved down to our days without any corruption; and the same judgment may also be formed of those other books of Scripture which have been since written in Greek. But before proving the purity and integrity of these original texts, it may be necessary to remove a prejudice which may arise from the variety of different readings that are found in the manuscript and printed copies of the Bible.

The different manner in which some passages are expressed in different manuscripts, together with the omission or insertion of a word, or of a clause, constitute what are called *various readings*. This was occasioned by the oversights or mistakes of transcribers, who deviated from the copy before them, these persons not being, as some have supposed, supernaturally guarded against the possibility of error; and a mistake in one copy would, of course, be propagated through all that were taken from it, each of which copies might likewise have peculiar faults of its own, so that various readings would thus be increased in proportion to the number of transcripts that were made. Besides actual oversights, transcribers might have occasioned various readings by substituting, through ignorance, one word, or even letter, in place of another; they might have mistaken the line on which the copy before them was written, for part of a letter, or they might have mistaken the lower stroke of a letter for the line, and thus have altered the reading; at the same time they were unwilling to correct such mistakes as they detected, lest their pages should appear blotted or defaced; and thus they sacrificed the correctness of their copy to its fair appearance. Copiers seem, not unfrequently, to have added letters to the last word in their lines, in order to preserve them even, and marginal notes have been sometimes introduced into the text. These different circumstances, as well as others with which we may not be acquainted, did no doubt contribute very much to produce and multiply mistakes and variations in the manuscripts of the Hebrew Scriptures. This language is more susceptible of corruption, and any alteration would be more detrimental in it than in others. In English, if a letter be omitted, or altered, the mistake can be easily corrected, because the word thus corrupted may have no meaning; but in Hebrew, almost every combination of the letters forms a new word, so that an alteration of even one letter of any description is likely to produce a new word and a new meaning. Thus, putting all alterations made knowingly, for the purpose of corrupting the text, out of the question, we must allow that from these circumstances connected with the transcribing, some errata may have found their way into it, and that the Sacred Scriptures have in this case suffered the fate of other productions of antiquity.

When we have collected all the differences that are found in manuscripts of the original text, and have selected from them what are really various readings, we are able to determine, from the number and authority of the manuscripts, with tolerable correctness, what is the genuine reading. Beside the authority of the manuscript, we must also be guided in determining the true reading by the scope of the passage, by the interpretations and quotations of ancient writers, by the old versions, and not unfrequently by Scripture itself; for similar or parallel passages will often be found useful for this purpose. When all these things are considered, it will seldom happen that the true reading of a passage will be doubtful; yet should it continue so, either reading may contain a truth, though certainly *both* cannot be *authentic*, and in a theological point of view, either of them may be followed, without involving a doctrinal error; and in such a case, the common reading should not be relinquished.

To a person who has not considered the subject closely, it may appear sufficient to overthrow the authority of the text, that no less than *thirty thousand* various readings of the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments have been discovered. But when these are examined closely, and all that are not *properly* various readings are rejected, the number will be considerably diminished; from these again let all be deducted which make no alteration in the several passages to which they refer, and the reduction will be much greater; and out of the remainder there are none found that can invalidate the authority of those doctrines that have been esteemed fundamental, or that can shake a single portion of that internal evidence whereby the divine origin of the Scriptures is supported; so that the friends of revelation had no grounds for the alarm they felt at the time when the subject

of various readings began to be discussed. These observations apply strongly to the New Testament, which, as it has been transcribed more frequently, and probably by less skilful transcribers than the Old, has in proportion many more various readings. Respecting these, however, it has been said, "that all the omissions of the ancient manuscripts, put together, would not countenance the omission of any essential doctrine of the gospel, relative to faith or morals; and all the additions countenanced by the whole mass of manuscripts already collated, do not introduce a single point essential either to faith or morals, beyond what may be found in the Complutensian or Elzevir editions."<sup>\*</sup>

The manner in which the original text of the Scriptures, particularly the Hebrew, has been preserved free from all material corruption, and handed down pure through such a long succession of ages, may now form the subject of our especial consideration.

It has been supposed by many that the Christian fathers accused the Jews of corrupting the text; but from an examination of such passages as seem to imply this, it appears that they spoke not of corrupting the text, but of adopting unfaithful translations. Justin Martyr, one of the most celebrated of the Christian fathers, defends the Jews very well as to this point, and proves that they have not corrupted the Scriptures: and it is past doubt that they have not; for, as St Jerome observes, before the birth of Jesus Christ they had certainly made no malicious alterations in them. If they had done so, our Saviour and his Apostles, who cast so many reproaches upon the Scribes and Pharisees, would not have passed over in silence so great a crime. To suppose such a thing, indeed, were to know little of the attachment of the Jews for the Scriptures. Josephus and Philo assure us that they would have undergone all sorts of torments rather than have taken a letter from the Scripture, or altered a word in it. A copy which had only one fault in it was by them thought polluted, and was not suffered to be kept above thirty days; and one that had four faults was ordered to be hid in the earth. In the Babylonian Talmud it is laid down as a regulation, that "the books of the law which have been written by a heretic, a traitor, one who is a stranger to the Jewish religion, an idolatrous minister—by which they mean a monk—a slave, a woman, one under age, a Cuthaean or Christian, or an apostate Israelite, are unlawful."

"This," says St Augustine, "is a most visible effect of the providence of God over his church. It pleased him that the Jews should be our librarians; that, when the Pagans reject the oracles of the ancient prophets concerning Jesus Christ, which we quote against them as being invented by us, we might refer them to the enemies of our religion, who will shew them in their books the same prophecies which we quote against them."

The class of Jewish doctors called Massorites were grammarians who engaged with peculiar ardour in the revision of the Hebrew Scriptures. The Massoretic notes and criticisms relate to the verses, words, letters, vowel-points, and accents. All the verses of each book and of each section are numbered, and the amount placed at the end of each in numerical letters, or in some symbolical word formed out of them; the middle verse of each book is also marked, and even the very letters are numbered; and all this is done to preserve the text from any alteration, by either fraud or negligence. For instance, Bereshith, or Genesis, is marked as containing 1534 verses, and the middle one is at—"And by the sword thou shalt live" (xxvii. 40). The lines are 4395; its columns are 43, and its chapters 50. The number of its words is 27,713, and its letters are 78,100. The Massoretic notes, or Massorah, as the work is called, contain also observations on the words and letters of the verses; for instance, how many verses end with the letter *samech*; how many there are in which the same word is repeated twice or thrice; and other remarks of a similar nature.

It seems now generally agreed upon that the Massorites of Tiberias, during the fourth century of the Christian era, were the inventors of the system of the vowel-points and accents in the Hebrew Bible; and although they multiplied them very unnecessarily, it must be allowed that this is the most useful of their works. From the *points* we learn how the text was read in their time, as we know they were guided in affixing them by the mode of reading which then prevailed, and which they supposed to have been traditionally conveyed down from the sacred writers.

The Massoretic notes were at first written in separate rolls, but they are now usually placed in the margin, or at the top and bottom of the page in printed copies. Many opinions are entertained about the authors of them; some think they were begun by Moses; others regard them as the work of Ezra and the members of the great synagogue, among whom were the later prophets; while others refer them entirely to the Rabbins of Tiberias, who are usually styled the Massorites, and suppose that they commenced this system, which was augmented and continued at different times by various authors, so that it was not the work of one man, nor of one age. It is not improbable that these notes were begun about the time of the Maccabees, when the Pharisees, who were called the Masters of Tradition, first began to

make their observations on the *letter* of the law, though they were regardless of its *spirit*. They might have commenced by numbering first the verses, next the words and letters; and then, when the vowel-points were added, others continued the system by making observations on them. On the whole, then, it appears that what is called the Massorah is entitled to no greater reverence or attention than may be claimed by any other human compilation; but, at the same time, it must be allowed that it has preserved the Hebrew text from the time it was formed, and conveyed it to us as perfect as any ancient work could be given.

The various readings given in the Hebrew Bibles, and which are technically denominated by the Jews the *Keri* and *Cetib*, are not to be ascribed to Moses or the prophets, for it cannot be supposed that inspired writers were ignorant of what was the true reading of the Scripture text. One principal occasion of the notes of the *Keri* and *Cetib* is, that there are several words which the Jews, either from superstitious reverence or from contempt, are never allowed to pronounce. When they meet with them in the text, instead of pronouncing them, they pronounce others that are marked by certain vowels or consonants in the margin. The chief of these is the great name of God JEHOVAH, instead of which they always read *Adonai*, Lord; or *Elohim*, God. This is the word called *Tetragrammaton*, or the ineffable name of God, consisting of the *four letters*, *Yod*, *He*, *Wau*, *He*. The people were not suffered to pronounce it; the high-priest alone had that privilege, and that only in the temple once a year, when he blessed the people on the great day of atonement; and from hence it is, that, as this holy name has not been pronounced since the destruction of the temple, its true pronunciation is now lost. Galatinus, in the sixteenth century, was the first who thought fit to say, that it ought to be pronounced *Jehovah*. "Which did not happen," says Pere L'Amy, "without a very particular providence of God, who was pleased, that, when the Jews lost the temple in which the true God was worshipped, they should at the same time lose the true pronunciation of his august name. It happened, I say, because, being no longer willing to be their God (for the destruction of the temple was an authentic testimony of the divorce which he gave them), he would not leave them the power of so much as pronouncing his name."

Josephus, himself priest, says, it was unlawful for him to speak of the name whereby God was made known to Moses; and if it be true that the pronunciation of it was connected with the temple service, it is not surprising that all trace of it should be lost when the temple was destroyed, and when the Jews grew every day more superstitiously afraid of pronouncing it. Leusden, the great orientalist, is said to have offered a Jew at Amsterdam a considerable sum of money if he would pronounce it only *once*, but in vain.

Besides the various readings called the *Keri* and *Cetib*, which the Jews admit to be the oldest, there are two other kinds of various readings which deserve our notice, because they are given in some printed Bibles. The first are those of the Eastern and Western Jews; the second, those between the manuscripts of Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali. By the Eastern Jews we are to understand those of Babylon; by the Western, those of Palestine. At Babylon and in Palestine, after the destruction of the city and temple, there were famous schools for many ages, and between the learned men of these places much rivalry existed; so that each party, by following their own copies, gave rise to a collection of various readings, or corrections of the text, whose antiquity is acknowledged, though it does not appear exactly at what time it was made.

The other collection is called after the heads of two celebrated schools—Ben Asher, at Tiberias, and Ben Naphtali, at Babylon; who were two famous Massorites, that lived about the year 1030, and were the last of them. Both of these Rabbis laboured to produce a correct copy of the Scriptures, and the followers of each corrected theirs by that of their master. The variations between them relate to the *points*, and in but one instance is there any difference in the writing of a word; so that they do not affect the integrity of the text.

What has been said of the integrity of the text of the Old Testament, may be applied also to the New, in so far as it may be charged with corruptions, in consequence of the negligence of transcribers, as also in consequence of the attempts of heretics, to make it conform to their erroneous sentiments. Though it must be admitted that the New Testament text, by being more frequently transcribed than that of the Old, became liable to a greater proportion of various readings, originating from the mistakes of the transcribers, yet this very circumstance was likewise a sure protection against wilful perversion or corruption; for in proportion as copies were multiplied, the difficulty of effecting a general corruption was increased. No such system as that of the Massorites was ever adopted to preserve the purity of the New Testament text; but we have it in our power to use various means for ascertaining what is the true reading of the text, without having recourse to such a plan as that of the Massorah; and *Concordances*, which

\* Vide Dr Adam Clarke's Tract on the Editions of the New Testament.

\* Vide "Apparatus Biblicus, or An Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures."

are now brought to an uncommon degree of perfection, are of great use in preserving it from corruption; in fact, the single one of Buxtorf has done more toward fixing the genuine reading, and pointing out the true meaning of Scripture, than the entire body of the Massoritic notes. We have the consent of the church, in all ages and countries, to prove our copies of the New Testament Scriptures authentic, and the authenticity of the Hebrew text is confirmed by Christ and his Apostles; and, in concluding this part of the subject, it may be remarked, that the general integrity of the Hebrew text receives additional confirmation from the ancient versions, as will more fully appear hereafter.

#### A HIGHLAND SETTLER.

The best method of illustrating the prosperity of settlers (says M'Gregor, in his excellent work on British America), is by stating instances of individual success. Among the settlers in New Brunswick, I had some conversation with an old Highlander, from Sutherlandshire, one of the soldiers of the 42d regiment, who were disbanded in America after the revolutionary war. This man had settled on the banks of the Nashwaack, and had scarcely ever since been absent from his farm, except occasionally with his overplus corn or potatoes to Fredericton. He retained his native language with as much purity as if he had never removed from the vale in which he was born, by which I immediately discovered where he came from; the tone and accent of the Gaelic varying as much in one shire, or in one of the isles of Scotland, from the others, as the pronunciation of the inhabitants of the several counties in England does. When I addressed this good old man in his native language, his very soul seemed to feel all the rapture of early enthusiasm; and I can never forget the bright warmth of his countenance, and the ardour of his language, when inquiring about the state of the Highlands, and the condition of his countrymen. He said he used for the first few years to receive now and then letters from his friends, but that his relatives gradually dropped off, some by death, others by removal to distant countries; and that for the last twenty years he had no direct intelligence from Sutherland. Never could his country, however, cease to be dear to him. "Never," said he, "will we forget the tales, the songs, and the music we heard in the Highlands; we recite or sing them during the winter evenings, and our children will ever remember them, and, I hope, transmit them to their offspring." He said, that although government did much for them (his neighbours and himself), they nevertheless suffered very great hardships for the first few years after settling where they now live. "There were some idlers and faint-hearted people," he said, "among us who left the settlement, but all those who have remained have prospered. I am myself as comfortable as I can be. All my family are married; some of them live with me; others have farms of their own. I have very little to do but enjoy myself among my children and my grandchildren; and although the best years of my manhood were spent fighting for my king, and the greatest part of my life since that period has been spent toiling for the support of my family, and for whatever I now possess; yet I have great reason," he continued, "to be thankful and grateful to God, in whom I trust, for a peaceful and calm retreat, through my declining years, to another world." This is nearly a translation of what he said, but destitute of the force of expression so peculiar to the language in which he spoke—that of nature.

#### PRACTICAL VULGAR FRACTIONS.

A PRACTICAL method for understanding vulgar fractions was proposed by a German author, Mr Feinaigle, which renders this puzzling portion of arithmetic much plainer than it usually appears to young scholars. The method is as follows.—Cut a piece of paper into the form of a circle; or, what children may understand better, take a *bannock*, or round barley cake, and make a mark in its centre: through this draw two lines (at right angles to each other), cutting the circle into four equal parts; each of these will of course be a *fourth* part of one circle or one cake; two of them will be two-fourths of the same; three will be three-fourths. With these four pieces, an exemplification may be given of all the complex rules of vulgar fractions. A child will see at once that two-fourths make one-half; if each of the fourths be divided into two, he will perceive that there are eight in all, and that of course the half of one-fourth is one-eighth: if the fourths (or quarters) be divided each into three parts, his eyes will tell him that there are now twelve parts, and that therefore the third part of one-fourth is one-twelfth of the whole. Take four of these twelfth parts, and he will see by what remains that four-twelfths make one-third, and six-twelfths one-half, &c. If any teacher or father of a family will give himself the trouble to try this method, he will find that the bugbear of fractions, which is such a hobgoblin to young arithmeticians, will disappear in one or two lessons, and the scholar will acquire clear ideas on the subject easily. The notation of fractions should not be taught till after these elementary ideas are familiar. A child, to whom the abstract character  $\frac{1}{2}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$  is a mystery, will easily comprehend its meaning when it comes in the shape of certain *parts* of a round cake, or, what may answer very neatly, of a slice of orange.

#### THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTIE.

[The ancient Scottish poem of this name has been long a favorite in the "north countries," being highly regarded for its simplicity, and the purity of its moral. What it is, simply, that each sex should not envy the apparent comforts and the pursuits of the other, but be contented with the lot assigned by Providence. The following version may be considered among the most accurate, and, though some of the words may, perhaps, be unintelligible to the English, nay, even the modern Scottish reader, any translation would greatly injure not only the wit, but the meaning of the phraseology. Auchtermuchtie is a village lying at the centre of the county of Fife.]

In Auchtermuchtie their wond ware man,  
A vach husband, as I hald tauld,  
Quha weill could tippill out a can,  
And naither luvit hungir nor cauld:  
Quhill ane it fell upon a day,  
He yokkit his pleuch upon the plaine;  
Gif it be true, as I heard say,  
The day was foul for wind and raine.

He lousit the pleuch at the landis end,  
And draif his oxin hame at evin;  
Quhen he cam in the kilt ben,  
And saw the wif haith dry and cleane  
Sittand at ane fyre beik and bauld,  
With ane fat sowp, as I hard say:  
The man being veryt weir and cauld,  
Betwain they twa it was na play.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horsa come?  
My ox has naither hay nor straw;  
Dame, ye maun to the pleuch the morn,  
I sall be huasy, gif I may.  
Gudeman, quoth scho, content am I  
To take the pleuch my day about,  
Sa ye will rewyl bath calvis and ky,  
And all the house bath in and out.

But sen that ye will huasykep ken,  
Fir ye maun sift and syne maun kent;  
And ay as ye gang but and ben,  
Luk that the bairnis fyle not the bed;  
And ay as ye gang furth and in,  
Kelp well the gaidines fra the gled;  
And lay one saif wisp to the kill:  
We half a deir ferme on our heid.

The wif schot vp late at evin,  
(I pray God gif he evill to fare),  
Scho kirk the kirne, and skund it cleane,  
And gane the gudeman but the bledoch baire:  
Than in the mornin' vp scho gat,  
And on her hair laid his dinsire.  
And friend als meikle in her lap  
Micht serve thair honest men at mune.

Says—Jok, will thou be minister of wark,  
And thou shal haud, and I shall kall;  
I'll gane the ane gairdine, and the aik,  
Outfir of round clairn or of small.  
Scho losuit the oxin aught or nine,  
And hant one gad-staf in her hand:  
Up the gudeman raise affir syn,  
And saw the wif had done command.

He cawd the gaidines furth to feid,  
The wif was losit, and the gaidines all;  
And by their cumis the gaidines fled,  
And eleket vp fyre, left him bot twa:  
Than out he ran in al his mane,  
Same as he hard the gaizies cry;  
Bot than, or he came in againe,  
The calfe brak luse and soukit the ky

The calfe and ky met in the lone,  
The man ran with ane rung to the lone;  
Than thair comes ane ill-willie kow  
And brodit his buttock quhill it bled,  
Than up he tuik ane rok of tow,  
And he satt down to sey the spinning;  
I trow he louit owe neir the lowe;  
Quo he, this wark he an ill beginning.

Then to the kirk he next did stoure,  
And jumlit at it quhill it swat;  
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang haur,  
The sorrow scrap of butter he gait.  
Albeit na butter he could gett,  
Yet he wes cummerit with the kirkne;  
And synce he het the milk ower het,  
And sorrow a drap of it wald yire.

Then ben thair cam ane greidie sow,  
I trow he kund hir littil thank,  
For in scho shott her ill-fard mow,  
And ay scho winkit and ay scho drank.  
He clerkit vp ane crukit club,  
And thocht to hit her on the shont;  
The twa gaidines the gaidis had left,  
Thair straile dang baith their hanis out.

He set his foot upon the spyre,  
To have gotten the fleshe down to the pat,

Bot he fell backward into the fyre,

And clou'd his euron on the kening stock.

He haig the mickle pat on the crukit,

And with twa canns ran to the spout,

Or he wan back again (alaik)

The fyre burnt all the boddum out.

Than he laid kindling to the kill,  
Bot scho start all vp in a lowe;

Quhat evir he heard, quhat evir he saw,

That day he had na will to waw.

Than he gaid to take vp the bairnis,

Thocht to have fund thame fair and cleane;

The first that he gat in his armis

Was all bedirnit to the eyne.

The first that he gat in his armis,

It was all dirt up to the eyne;

The de'il cutt aff their hands, quo he,

That fillid yow all fooy vestrein.

He traillit the foul sheets down the gait,

Thocht to haif waeche thame on ane stane;

The burns was riste grit of spait,

Away fra him the sheets has tane.

Than up he gat ane knoe head,

On the guidewife to cry and schout;

Scho hard him as she hard hir nocht,

But stoultie stird the stottis about.

Scho draif the day unto the nicht,

Scho losuit the pleuch and synce cam hame;

Scho fand all wrang that soud beine richt,

I trow the man thocht richt grit schame.

Quoth he, My office I forsak,

For all the dayis of my lyfe;

For I wald put ane house to wrak

Gin I war twentie dayis guidewife.

Quoth scho, Weill mot ye bruke your place,

For trewile I soll neir accept it;

Quoth he, Feind fall the lyaris face,

Bot yit ye may be blith to gett it.

Than up scho gat ane meikle rung,

And the gudeman maid to the doir;

Quoth he, Deme, I soll mid my tung,

For an we fecht it wald the waur.

Than up he gat ane fornakil my pleuch,

I trow I haf fornakil my self,

As I will to my pleuch agane,

For this house and I will nevir do weill.

#### HABITS OF THE AMERICANS.

I do not think the dinner ever consumed above twenty minutes before the party, at least the permanent boarders, separated, and were out of the house, in order to attend to business again. There was brandy on the table, and beer, or rather ale, but water was far more generally used by the Americans. Mr Smith had an Edinburgh cook, formerly in Lady Sinclair of Murkle's house; and sometimes there were Scotch dishes, even a haggis, sheep's head, minced collops, &c., but the Americans had no great relish for them. They care more for roast beef, beef steak, roasted turkey, and apple and pumpkin pie, than for any thing else. There was one male servant, an American, at this boarding-house, who seemed to attend to his duty well, and constantly, but his manners are as different as possible from those of a British servant. No obsequiousness; nor would he, I suspect, have touched his hat on passing one of the inmates of the boarding-house for the world. There is, however, no want of civility, but it is expected to be shewn to servants as well as by them. Even the blacks and free colour people address each other by the ordinary appellations of sir and madam; and the people generally, when speaking of any one in his absence, call him citizen.

The kindness and hospitality of the Americans are quite unostentatious. I write, however, of the mass of the people and without reference to the small number of people, who consider themselves the great in this country. An invitation to dinner is generally given in such words as these:—"I will be pleased to see you at two o'clock." Frequently no change whatever is made in the dinner, supposing you to accept. Your friend knows that there is always abundance of good food upon his table. That degree of attention is shewn you which a stranger meets with every where, in seeing that his plate be filled, in the first instance, with what he likes, but no pressing or entreaty are used to make him eat or drink more than he likes. If wine is produced, it is left to him to partake of it or not as he chooses. There is hardly ever any talk about the dinner, or the quality of the wine, which you are not provoked to drink by being told how many years it has been in your friend's cellar, or to what vintage it belongs.

I am far, however, from doubting the sincerity of the hospitality of the people of this country, as some travellers have done, although formal invitations may not be so generally given as with us. While, however, I am on the contrary persuaded that invitations are seldom given when there is not a real wish that the invited should accept them, I must at the same time confess, that I like the style of entertaining friends to which I have been accustomed, and which prevails in Britain, better than in the United States. I prefer the warmth of manner with which (whether apparent or real) a British landlord exerts himself to induce his guests to partake liberally of the good things, both eatable and drinkable, which he has prepared for them, by agreeable conversation, and by descanting on the feeding of his beef, or the age of his mutton, or the excellence of his wine—to the merely passive, perhaps indifferent looking manner, as it seems to us, of the Americans. In Britain, even at a public table, those sitting next each other attend to each other's wants, and recommend to them any thing which is within their reach, which they think particularly good; and I do not see that the conviviality of the party is not at least as much enjoyed when the conversation relates to the quality of the provisions, their cookery, and the excellence of the wine—subjects which are level to the capacity of all—as when it relates to an investment of cotton, or to the repeal of the tariff; subjects in which those addressed may take little or no interest. It would be easy to multiply instances to show how much the desire of making money constantly engrosses the thoughts of all, both young and old, in this country.—*Stuart's "Three Years in America."*

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**ERRATUM** in No. 60, page 60.—The number of degrees from the pole, at which plants and animals exist, was accidentally omitted: "about ten" degrees should have been indicated.

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